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[For the Monitor.]

ON THE EXERCISE OF THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

IN a world like ours, the social affections have ample scope for exercise. There are many and infinitely diversified scenes that shed upon the features an illumination which bespeaks a heart, that can taste the happiness of another; and there are scenes too, of an opposite character, which must often fill the eye with the tear of sympathy, and carry home to the stricken bosom, with a force superior to that of demonstration, the pungency of another's woe. The man who does not feel for his fellow pilgrims in this vale of transient joys and reiterated ills, is justly deemed an outlaw from nature, and an exile from heaven; such a man is already branded with the curse of Cain. To rejoice with them that do rejoice is not less an impulse of nature, than a precept of revelation. Who, that has not violated and irreparably sundered every ligament which bound him to his kindred race, and in whose bosom the last pulse of human sensibility has not already ceased to beat, but has felt the tide of his own happiness augmented by the happiness of others? The heart which has any just claims to the emotions of benevolence, will rejoice in the inconsiderable felicities of beasts, and birds, and insects; but where man is the object, those joys attain a proportionate degree of elevation and refinement. What eye that wanders over fields robed in verdure, and waving to the breeze the promises of the coming harvest, and that inspects the "cattle upon a thousand hills," but

glistens with new and peculiar lustre from the contemplation of that anticipated bounty which shall enrich and beatify the human race? Who rejoices not in the national peace, when widows and orphans are no more prematurely multiplied by war, the bloodiest scourge of heaven, when the bow of victory is broken, and the spear of death is cut asunder, and the chariot of conquest is burned in the fire? Who can preside at the paternal board, or sit in the little circle of domestic quietude, without feeling a social rapture, which gives him a deep and permanent interest in the felicities of all around him? Even the placid smile that plays upon the lips of the babe, which is caressed in the arms of maternal tenderness, possesses a fascinating charm which wins its way to the heart, and augments the little pittance of earthly bliss. Does the man of contemplative benevolence walk abroad, "While every gale is peace, and every grove is melody?" his social affections are awakened and his social purposes strengthened. In his solitary or attended ramble, when the firmament glows with "living sapphires," and when the infinitude of stars which gem the heavens mutually irradiate each other, and in social and commingled splendour shine upon the earth, he is instinctively urged to a new degree of proximity to his fellow beings, and his bosom swells with the participated joys of a world.

To "weep with them that weep," too, is equally the attribute of man, and the injunction of heaven; and the world, in its present degraded and disjointed state, makes a large demand upon the more acute and pungent sensibility of the heart. Could the warm tide of commiseration wash away the guilt and sufferings of the earth, we might well adopt the pathetic exclamation of the prophet: "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" Who deplures not the prospects of dearth and famine, not merely because he himself may feel their pressure, but because the visitation will fall with sevenfold severity upon the poor, the widow, the orphan, and the houseless stranger? What heart, that is high strung with human feelings, has not sometimes experienced the

alternation of grief and dread, when nations have been involved in long and furious contests; when the trumpet of promiscuous carnage has been blown; when the crimson flag has floated in the breeze; when the demon of vengeance, ever hungry for human flesh, has been unchained and commissioned to imprint his bloody footsteps upon the land which was once traversed only by the angel of peace, and when the sighing zephyr whispers the death groans of murdered victims? Who can visit, but in imagination, the ensanguined field of battle, and take a solitary range amidst the breathless bodies of the slain, or hover over the broad streams of blood, which plough the soil as they pursue their dark and deep and melancholy course, without feeling the mingled emotions of pity, tenderness, and regret, which language is too feeble to express! The more retired scenes of private affliction, likewise have a power to reach the heart; the abode of poverty, the couch of pain, the languid eye and palid cheek of disease, and the bed of death, demand the tribute of a tear.

A. T****.

ESSAY,.....NO. II.

PRAYER WITH PENITENCE :—THE PUBLICAN.

AND the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me, a sinner.

JESUS CHRIST.

IN a former Essay on prayer, we attempted to define it, and adduce reasons why men every where ought to pray. We were then led to insist, that in prayer men must lift up holy hands in order to acceptance. We briefly remarked, that sincerity, repentance for sin, faith in Christ, and love to God, are indispensably necessary to acceptance in prayer. We have now selected the publican, as an instance of a penitent pouring out his soul to God in prayer.

This example is taken from a parable which Christ

spake to certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others. The whole parable is highly instructive. "Two men went up into the temple to pray;—the one a pharisee and the other a publican." Men, from very different motives, may enter the sanctuary professedly for prayer. Some repair there to honour God with their lips, while their hearts are far from him; others go to offer the sacrifices of penitence and praise. "The pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself; God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess." The pharisee was very bold and fluent in prayer. From his own lips we are made acquainted, that he was free from gross immoralities and precise in supporting and observing externals in religion. These things he ought to have done. But these alone were not sufficient to render him accepted of God. His heart was inflated with pride and rotten to the very core with self-righteousness. His feelings toward the publican, proved him to belong to that generation, who are pure in their own eyes, and yet are not washed from their filthiness; which say, stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou. These, saith Jehovah, are a smoke in my nose. The sacrifices of such, are an abomination to the Lord. Leaving the pharisee to have his reward, the poor publican presents himself before us. Publicans were tax-gatherers under the Roman government. Their office rendered them peculiarly obnoxious to the national pride of the Jews; they were likewise commonly extortioners, exacting more of the people than was required of them, thus unjustly enriching themselves.

Whatever had been the external conduct of this publican, he belonged to the fallen race of Adam. He had within him a depraved, deceitful, and desperately wicked heart, and he now felt it to be such. "The publican, standing afar off, would not so much as lift his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me, a sinner.

Let us consider the MANNER, the MATTER, and the ACCEPTANCE of the publican's prayer.

FIRST. HIS MANNER in prayer is deserving of notice. He stood afar off. He felt a reverential awe when about to address the majesty of heaven. He felt so unworthy to have communion with God, that the lowest, meanest place in God's house of prayer was too honourable for him. His position in standing afar off, was a practical comment on the words of the preacher: "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God, for God is in heaven and thou upon the earth, therefore let thy words be few."

The publican "stood afar off." The construction of the parable shows that Christ considered *standing* a suitable posture for public prayer, though kneeling may be used with propriety in secret and even in family devotions. The Saviour kneeled in prayer in the garden, and St. Paul with the elders of Ephesus. But the temper of the heart is what Jehovah regards in prayer, rather than the posture of the body. The publican's manner in prayer deserves still farther consideration. He not only manifested a solemn awe of the Divine Majesty, but an ingenuous shame for sin. He would not lift so much as his eyes to heaven. In this way he appears to have manifested that temper of heart which indited the introduction of Ezra's prayer: "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face before thee, my God." The same ingenuous shame accompanied David's prayer when he said, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not *able to look up*; they are more than the hairs of my head, therefore my heart faileth me. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me." The publican felt ashamed to lift his guilty eyes toward the habitation of infinite purity, to that heavenly Benefactor whose favours had been requited with ingratitude and disobedience. Conscious shame bowed down his head like a bullrush, in view of the contempt he had poured upon the authority of God, his abuse of the Divine goodness, and his unfitness for heaven. Therefore *he would not* lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote on his breast.

He smote upon his breast in token of deep sorrow for sin—pungent anguish of soul in view of his crimson

guilt. This indicated the genuine spirit of grace and supplication, as may be learned from the prophecy of Zechariah. Saith Jehovah, "I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplication, and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and mourn, as for an only son,—and shall be in bitterness—as for a first born." He smote upon his breast as the seat of iniquity. He felt indignant against the sinful propensities which had so long reigned there. He longed to have them eradicated. This is an important temper in prayer to mourn for sin, and hate it with a perfect hatred. "If I regard iniquity in my heart," says David, "the Lord will not hear my prayer.

We shall proceed,

SECONDLY, To consider the MATTER of the publican's prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." From this language it is manifest, the publican felt that he was a sinner. He saw that he commenced his existence with a sinful nature. He saw his heart to be a sink of pollution; a cage of every unclean bird. He clearly saw, that this evil heart of unbelief had caused him in innumerable instances to depart from the living and true God. He felt himself guilty and excuseless for all his sins of deed, word, or thought. He could discern nothing morally good in himself to recommend him to the Divine favour. He felt therefore that he could approach the throne of grace in no better character than that of a vile sinner. He realized that he should never make himself better by restraining prayer, and if he ever came to the throne of grace, he must come pleading GUILTY.

The publican, by his humble confession that he was a sinner, acknowledged himself deserving of God's wrath. He realized that God might justly render him as miserable as he had made himself sinful. He realized that sin was an evil and a bitter thing—that it is exceedingly malignant in its nature—that it is diametrically opposed and hostile to holiness, and to the very existence of a God of infinite holiness. His confession admitted the righteousness of that law which condemned

him. He had no fault to find with the strictness and spirituality of God's law, no cavils to raise against its penalties as too severe. He felt that such a sinner as himself might be justly doomed to the pit of despair, and that it was Divine forbearance alone which had so long kept him out of it.

God, be merciful to me, a sinner, implied a full conviction that no repentance could expiate his guilt, no amendment could restore him to the Divine favour. Nothing but mercy, mere sovereign mercy, could reach his case. If he were pardoned and saved, it would be directly the reverse of his deserts. It would be an act of sovereign clemency. There lay all his dependance. He had not a particle of righteousness to bring into the account. He did not attempt to reckon with his Maker, as too many do, by bringing in debt and credit. It was all debt on his part. He owed ten thousand talents, and had nothing to pay. He felt therefore that he must have *mercy* shown him or lie in prison forever. Nor should he have the least cause of complaint against God if no mercy were shown him.

Again, *God, be merciful to me, a sinner*, implied, that the publican believed none but God could pardon his sins. He did not expect deliverance from any other source. The structure of the sentence in the original is thought by able commentators to imply forgiveness of sins through an atonement. The mediation of him whose blood alone cleanseth from sin, is therefore recognized in this petition for pardon.

Finally, This petition implied a conviction that God could be merciful to sinners consistently with the good of his moral kingdom, and a measure of hope that mercy might be granted even to himself, a vile publican. Despair shuts up the lips of sinners. Hope of mercy opens them and fills them with the most cogent arguments.

We proceed,

THIRDLY, To consider the ACCEPTANCE with which the publican's prayer met at the throne of Grace. Christ assures us, that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other. He had evidence of justifi-

cation unknown to the self-righteous pharisee. His prayer was accepted, his petition granted; but the formal devotion of the other was not. A number of arguments may be adduced to prove that the publican's prayer *was accepted*, and *why* it was accepted. The publican prayed aright, because the Saviour of sinners would not have constructed his parable in a manner to recommend a prayer which was not acceptable to God. This would be encouraging persons to hope they were pleasing God when they were not. Thus they would deceive themselves, and pray in vain. Christ could not err in his directions.

Again. The publican's prayer was accepted, because God delights in showing *mercy* to those who penitently seek it. When Moses besought God to show him his glory, Jehovah passed and proclaimed his name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping *mercy* for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."—God will never clear the *guilty*, except by his *mercy* sought and obtained through the mediation of the Redeemer. But the Lord God delights in being merciful and gracious to the humble suppliant. A peculiar glory emanates from Divine mercy displayed in harmony with Divine justice. For this reason mercy could be granted to the publican, and ever has been granted to all who have sought it as he did.

Another reason why the publican's prayer was accepted was, because it was conformable to the direction of God's word respecting this duty. "Take with you words and turn unto the Lord, and say unto him, take away all iniquity, receive us graciously;" is a direction for prayer, found in the Old Testament Scriptures. A similar one is given by St. Paul in the New Testament. "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain *MERCY* and find grace to help in time of need." The publican prayed that God would take away all his iniquity and grant him mercy. And God will never reject the prayer which is offered in the manner which himself has directed. For by *many prom-*

ises in his word he has pledged himself he will not. This is an important reason why we may determine that the publican's prayer was acceptable to God.

We will introduce but two of these promises. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The publican did not attempt to cover his sins. He sincerely and penitently confessed himself a sinner, before God, and therefore the justice and faithfulness of God were pledged that *he* should find mercy. The last reason we shall assign why we may determine that the publican's prayer was accepted, is, that by Jehovah's answering such prayers, and *only such prayers* of sinful beings, the redeemed from among men are prepared to sing one song in heaven. There will be no jargon in their notes, as there must be, if men were saved partly by their own merits, and partly by Christ. This will forever be the anthem of the Redeemed: "Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever." "For of his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

From the illustration of our subject, let us draw inferences for a practical improvement of it.

1. From the parable of the pharisee and the publican, we may learn who will *not* be accepted in prayer; those who do not attempt to pray, and those who are filled with self-righteousness. That persons who do not attempt to pray, can never be approved of God, we should conclude, would never be controverted, if stubborn facts to the contrary did not stare us in the face. That creatures, circumstanced as we are, should feel sensible of their dependence on God, their relations and obligations to him, that they should realize their own necessities, and seek to have them relieved, where relief alone can be found, is what every considerate mind must approve. But these are the feelings which induce prayer, and without prayer we have no evidence of their existence in the mind. Yet, as unaccountable as

it may appear, some characters dream that they now enjoy the approbation of God, and shall hereafter dwell in his blissful presence, who *habitually* cast of fear and restrain prayer before him. They might as well expect to live, and act, and enjoy life, without breath. Prayer is the breath of piety. Reader, you will never have the least evidence of being approved of God while you neglect prayer. You will never have evidence that mercy has been, or will be shown you, until you are inclined with sincerity and penitence to plead for mercy. The hope of God's favour, without a praying heart, will perish, when God taketh away the soul. Nor will the sacrifice of the lips, from a proud and self-righteous heart, be accepted of God. Such a sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, because it is offered from a heart supremely in love with itself, and filled with high conceits of its own moral goodness. Such sacrifices may be offered by professing christians, and their *formalities* in religion may be looked on with a self complacency, which proves they value the merits of their own doings more than the merits of Christ. They feel themselves whole, and discern not their need of the physician. These were the circumstances of the pharisee. He trusted in himself that he was righteous, and despised others. Let professing christians realize, that however often they have attempted to pray, if they have brought the pharisee's temper, they have not been accepted in prayer. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart." This leads us to infer,

2. That those who desire to leave the throne of grace in a state of justification must repair to it like the publican. They must come with holy awe, with shame and self-loathing on the account of sin, with a penitential confession of it, and pleading for mercy. When we realize that it is into the more immediate presence of the King of kings, that we essay to approach, does it not become us to feel an awful sense of the Divine majesty. Can that God, who stoops to receive the adorations of seraphs, be pleased with a light, irreverent approach to his mercy seat? To be truly devout, an holy awe must

pervade the mind in prayer. Have we, when standing professedly to worship God in prayer, had an awful sense of the *majesty* and *purity* of that God, who is infinite in wisdom, power, and holiness? If not, we have never *stood* like the publican. Have we ever felt unworthy to tread God's earth or breathe his air, and much more unworthy to approach his *holy* presence, to have communion with spotless purity? Have we been filled with ingenuous shame and confusion of soul in view of our ingratitude and crimson sins against that Being, who created, upholds, and grants us all our supplies? Have these feelings been peculiarly strong when attempting to pray? If not, we have reason to fear that God has never accepted our prayers. Have we approached his mercy seat, abhorring sin, as abominable to God; loathing ourselves on the account of our sinfulness, desirous and determined to wage interminable war with our most darling sins? If not, we have never felt like him who stood *afar off* with downcast eyes, beating his breast, and whose temper was approved of the great Redeemer. Have we sincerely in the closet, in the family, and in the sanctuary, confessed and *felt* that *we are sinners*? or have we merely used the language of confession, while we had no true sense of our sinfulness, nor any desire to know it and be cleansed from it? Have we endeavoured to obtain clear views of the peculiar aggravations of our sins by reason of the *right* and love against which we have sinned? Have we heartily confessed in our closets our sins of deed, word, and thought, and then closed our petitions for pardon, with the desire of David, "Cleanse thou me from *secret faults*?" If we have felt no inclination, and made no persevering efforts to pray in this manner, what reason have we to hope our prayers have been approved of God? Have we attempted to approach the mercy seat emptied of self-confidence? Sensible that in us, by nature, dwelleth no good thing, have we cast ourselves at the feet of Sovereign grace, pleading for mere *mercy*? Have we felt that if no mercy should be shown us, we should have no cause of complaint, and that our mouths would be stopped at the bar of a just and holy

God? Have we plead that mercy might be shown us as an act of God's free, self-moving compassion for the sake of Christ? Without some measure of such feelings, have we been prepared to make mention of Christ's righteousness alone, as the ground of our acceptance in prayer? Have we come to God, believing that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him? And has a belief that God can show mercy to the chief of sinners, accompanied with a trembling hope, that mercy may be granted even to us, stimulated us to fervency in prayer? In one word, have we been inclined and enabled in some measure to pray like Daniel:—"O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him and keep his commandments; we have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us, confusion of faces as at this day. To the Lord our God belong mercies, though we have sinned against him. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not for thine own sake, O my God."

A few words more of application and we have done. Let awakened minds who are tremblingly anxious to know what they must do, be persuaded immediately to pour out their desires to God and to pray like the publican. Plead for unmerited sovereign mercy, and your prayer will be accepted. God delights in bestowing mercy. He has promised to bestow it on those who penitently seek it. He will fulfil his promise. Do you feel that you are a great sinner? His *mercy* is greater. He granted mercy to a Manasseh, a Mary Magdalene and a persecuting Saul. Millions of other sinners now in glory, sought and obtained his mercy. Go then, poor trembling souls, cast yourselves upon God's sovereign clemency. Repair to the throne of grace and plead with the temper of the publican for mercy, and may the God of all grace and consolation grant you the desires of your hearts, for the Redeemer's sake.

Finally. Let all our prayers be offered, not only with penitence, but in the name of Christ, relying on his

Holy Spirit to indite them. But the name and the assistance through which our prayers should ever be offered, we hope more fully to exhibit in a subsequent Essay.

[For the Monitor.]

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

WHEN the good man is laid in the dust there is mourning—nay there is something nobler than mourning: there is a grateful feeling enkindled in the soul, which does not expend itself in moistening the grave's green turf, nor in recording departed merit with the device of the engraver; but it puts forth an ardent curiosity to learn the events of his life, to become acquainted with the workings of a generous mind, moulding and governing the conduct. Indeed, it does not stop here. It may desire to know the manner and circumstances of his death—the rites of interment—and perhaps, to pluck a leaf of the willow, which bends over his sleeping dust. If he has given consolation to the child of misery, his remembrance will be sweet. The clods, which repose on his coffin will often feel affection's tear, and even the thoughtless passenger will sometimes envy the moss which blooms on his head-stone.

Never did a good man meet the angel of death under circumstances more interesting, than those of the law-giver of ancient Israel. After a life marked with the grandest events, this servant of God was told, that he must prepare to die. The children of promise had escaped from the perils of their journey—their feet rested from the sands of the desert—their eyes beheld the swellings of Jordan. Those rays, which darted from the pillar of fire had become fainter and fainter. The Moabites saw not that cloud, which for forty years had guided Jacob's posterity. Under the direction of his heavenly conductor, Moses had gained the top of the mountain, where he was to take a solitary view of the fields of promise, and then to die. What feelings must

have possessed his soul at this interesting moment! No doubt, he reposed his trust on that God, who, though in the midst of judgment, is the Dispenser of mercy. Though for an act of transgression, himself forbidden to enter Canaan, yet he must have recurred with pleasure, to the eventful scenes of his life—to the bulrushes in Egypt's river, the walks in Pharaoh's garden, the bush unconsumed, the terrible judgments upon "the land of Ham," the mercies of the children of promise, that canopy of glory, which rested over Sinai, that awful exhibition of grandeur and power, which attended the promulgation of the law. His eye now surveyed, in prospect, the pleasant fields of Canaan—the lot of the "peculiar people," now glanced along the course of the Jordan—its banks all verdant and rich, and then, over the plains of the palm-trees was seen the strong hold of Jebus—"a city beautiful for situation on the sides of the north." Valleys appeared flowing with milk and honey. Lebanon nodding with its cedars, and Carmel clothed in living green. After this hasty view, he had no more to do with life. Its perplexities and its joys were gone. Though his vision was as clear as ever, though his strength was the strength of youth, he had no disposition to murmur at his sentence. As we may suppose, he peacefully fell asleep—and then suddenly broke upon him the glories of the heavenly Canaan. No pillar of stones for a memorial, no Israelite ever wept at the grave of Moses.

HUR.

[For the Monitor.]

THE LOVE OF FAME.

ANIMATED with future prospects, the vigorous mind is ever ready for enterprize. With an imagination chaste and refined, man may regale on the beauties of creation, while with an understanding sound and discriminating, he may unlock the treasures of science, and unfold the mysteries of nature. Glancing at objects still forward, the mind expands as it advances, nor quits its eager

grasp, till the summit of its wishes is attained. Captivated with the delusive charms of novelty, the restless fancy waits with impatient desire, for fresh discoveries, and longs, with anxious solicitude, for higher gratifications.

To an elevated mind, the hope of becoming distinguished, is usually among the first motives, to call forth strenuous, and persevering exertion. But this desire is far from being confined to men of aspiring genius. It is a principle of almost universal application, and may be noticed in every period of existence, from the noisy prattler in the parent's arms, to the hoary veteran, just yielding to the universal conqueror; from the school-boy commanding his associates, to the statesman haranguing the Senate.

So essential is it considered to the existence of society, that it is not unfrequently inculcated by every inducement, which the policy of schoolmen, and the wisdom of philosophers can devise. Multitudes, accounting this to be in the moral world, "what the principle of motion is in the natural;" infuse it with every art, into the glowing bosoms of youth, watch its rising growth, with careful anxiety; nor cease their exertions, till it pervades every action. Thus nurtured, we wonder not to see a principle congenial with our nature, increasing with unparalleled rapidity; winding itself up in bosoms of every circle, and finding easy access, among the members of every society. But I forbear to refer to examples, which the occurrences of every day have rendered familiar.

The love of fame is not peculiar, merely for the celerity of its operations; its impression is strong and lasting. Having obtained its wished-for object, like the ivy to the elm, it clings, with so much tenacity, that nothing short of death will cause it to relinquish its hold.

Not only as an inducement to action, but as a preventive of evil, this desire exerts a powerful influence. Restrained by this passion, many an adept in vice has abandoned his projects, and many an idle spendthrift, ceased to be prodigal.

Although much has been advanced upon the utility of this passion, in arousing and calling into action the latent energies of genius ; still there are those, and the number is not small, who utterly reject the principle, as an improper excitement to action. It is unquestionably true, that many of the glorious exploits, which adorn the page of history and give resplendent brightness to the human character, were prompted by no better motives, than the love of fame. But the splendour which it exhibits, is external—the glory which it proffers, is transient ; “like the ignis fatuus,” it guides to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. By germinating in the hearts of princes, the seeds of ambition and jealousy, it has desolated empires, and interrupted the choicest harmony of social life.

Among nations unenlightened by Christianity, this passion has ever been held in high estimation. To them, it presented motives, which their own times could justify ; but they were motives, with which the Christian religion has no connexion.

Ever inconstant and variable in its operations, we view without surprise the numerous revolutions, which this principle occasions, in the political and religious world. We behold it tolerate in one age, what it forbids in another ; and prescribe and applaud in one country, what in another, it condemns and stigmatizes. By the devotee of fame, every good must be relinquished, which comes in competition with his favorite object. The moment he takes the oath of allegiance to this sovereign, he resolves to abandon piety, and regard virtue, only in form. When thus presented, we hesitate not to condemn the principle ; yet this is the extreme to which the love of fame would lead its votary.

Intimately connected with this, is that sordid selfishness, which induces men, while pursuing their own designs, not only to look down with cold indifference, on the interests of others, but even to obstruct their progress. Possessing generous feelings, we discard such meanness, and pronounce the sentiment not only injurious, but ruinous to the social compact.

Behold the man, whose only aim is his own aggran-

dizement; whose greatest endeavour is to obtain popular favour. Rising from dreams of greatness, he engages with renovated eagerness, in his favorite pursuit. This is the summit of his wishes; the highest glory of his nature. To such a breast the generous spirit of philanthropy is a stranger; within such a bosom, the pure feelings of benevolence find no receptacle.

But there is a desire to be distinguished, for the purpose of being more extensively useful, which is widely different, from an exclusive regard to the opinions of others. To be prompted by such motives, constitutes the highest dignity of human nature. To be influenced by such desires, affords the choicest luxury, of which earth can boast. Let man be guided by such principles, injustice and fraud would cease to be practised; the little arts of speculation and flattery would be banished from the abodes of princes, and the habitations of civilized life. Philanthropy would not be confined to the narrow limits of personal convenience, nor circumscribed by national boundaries; but would embrace within its desires, the interests of a world. Actuated by this enlarged, vigorous, operative benevolence, he may look down with generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and launch upon the shoreless ocean of eternity, where this germ of heavenly origin will forever thrive without culture, and expand without restriction.

K.

[For the Monitor.]

THE THOUGHTLESS YOUTH.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following narrative of my young friend may be interesting, and, perhaps, profitable to some of your readers. If you think proper, you will give it a place on the pages of your Monitor.

No sensation is more painful than that, which we experience, when we see a youth, whom nature has furnished with talents, which promise for him distinction

in life, devoting himself to the pursuits of pleasure. We weep, as we see him stumbling along his slippery path, heedless of the dangers which surround him, and blind to the precipice, over whose brink he must inevitably fall.

Such a youth was William. He was born to a plentiful fortune, and could boast of a highly respectable parentage. From childhood he was formed to gain attention. Lively and quick in his imagination, and warm in his feelings, he soon engaged the affections of his parents, whose breasts often swelled with joy, in anticipation of his future character. Having passed the days of childhood, his mind brightened with his years; and a refined education developed those faculties, which entitled him to flattering prospects in life. But as he came forward into society, he became captivated with the scenes of youthful amusement. He was welcomed into the gay and fashionable circles of the world, where he was treated with that marked attention, which inspired in him the idea of his superior merit. His new companions caressed him, and were extravagant in their expressions of attachment to him. He was presented with the cup of flattery, and, not foreseeing the consequences, greedily drank off the poison. But that draught tarnished the beauty of all his future life and character. He now discovered, as he thought, for the first time, the extent of his influence, and the discovery excited his vanity. He viewed himself destined to give laws to the fashionable world. Soon he began to claim that as a right, which was originally given him only in compliment. And, if he were not made the centre of every circle, and the standard of every fashion, he felt himself slighted.

Years came, and passed, and left him nearly in the same state. All his ambition was, to gain admiration in the gay circle, at the card-table, and in the ball-room. And he thought himself happy; though it is true, indeed, that he found some imperfection in every pleasure—some alloy, which corrupted it, and thus blighted his expectations; but this only excited new efforts to separate the alloy, and, in no degree, abated the fervor

of his pursuit after happiness, a phantom which always sported before him.

In this way he spent his vernal-season of life ; worthless flowers constituted all the objects of his search ; and no preparation was made to secure a summer crop, which might cheer him in the winter of his days.

But his pleasures were not destined always to operate thus mildly upon him. His friends soon discovered in him consumptive symptoms of the most alarming kind. He, however, was incredulous, and, consequently, thought little of that gloomy subject, which he was so poorly prepared to investigate. Alas ! how secretly death approaches the young ! Floating along on the tide of youthful pleasures, they do not suspect his approach, till they feel his chilling grasp. So it was with William. The first whispers of warning were distinct to his friends, but *he* could not hear,—they were repeated, and louder,—still he could not hear. We told him of his danger—but he could think only of his sports and gaieties, till death levelled at him. The disease preyed upon his vitals, and palsied the energies of his system. Then, in spite of all his efforts to appear cheerful, a thousand little circumstances, while they betrayed his deadly malady, bespoke the poignant anguish of his soul. Soon, prostrate upon his bed, he forgot all the pleasures of the world, and could think of nothing but the gloomy hearse and tomb.

Now behold the poor deluded votary of pleasure. See him writhe under the stings of an infuriated conscience, and shudder at the approach of death. Gladly, indeed, would he tenant the grave, if it could afford him a quiet hiding-place ; but, ah ! he sees beyond it an eternity—and, in the light of that eternity, he sees the guilt and deformity of his past life. He sees the signs and wonders of the judgment day, and feels the heat of eternal burnings. In extreme agitation, he looks around for some escape from death ; but, alas ! his cold and withering limbs—his fluttering pulse, and stifled gasp show there is none ! “ Must I die ? Oh ! must I die ? ” are his accents. “ Life !—soul !—hell !—Oh !—I die ! ”

My young friends, though you were strangers to

William, his case was not singular. It may be found in the experience of multitudes. Who of you cannot recognize in him the prominent features of some well-remembered acquaintance or friend? May I not go farther, and ask, who of you cannot discern in him some traits of *your own* character, and some events of your own history? Let me caution you to beware of what the world terms happiness; and above all, beware of flattery, as the most poisonous of all draughts. It is a potion, which multitudes, like William, have found to contain the seeds of dissipation, disease, and death. Let your lives be spent in the sober pursuits of knowledge, virtue, and piety. Then you will escape the terrors of William's death-bed. Then you may expect to lay your heads down calmly in the grave, and to sleep quietly through the night of death; and, on the morning of the resurrection, you will rise to behold the splendors of immortal day.

F*****.

GEOLOGY—AN EXTRACT.

THE corals themselves, as far as we can undertake to describe them, may be understood generally from the descriptions and figures which we have given; but they are objects which, from their beauty and singularity, are well known even to those who have never paid any attention to natural history. We need not describe all the species which are engaged in these operations, nor, indeed, are they all known, any more than the economy of each individual. It will be sufficient for our purpose to give a general notion of any one, as the general habits, forms, and actions of the whole are fundamentally the same, however the external appearance of their produce or habitation may differ.

It appears that each coral, whatever it be, is a solid calcareous structure, somewhat resembling a vegetable in the general progress and increase of its parts, inhabited by numerous similar animals, which are precisely the same for each individual coral, but different in the different species. Each of these corals may thus be

conceived to form a colony, and the inhabitants are disposed in minute cells, where they reside and carry on the operation of extending their habitations. In these operations, however independently each seems to act in the production of its own cell, or in the extension of its own immediate neighbourhood, the whole are regulated by some common mysterious principle, by which they all concur towards the production of a structure that would rather seem to have been directed by one mind. Now nothing very analogous to this takes place in the animal creation, except in the case of the gregarious insects that form a common habitation for breeding; such as the bees and the ants. In these there is a possibility of personal communication; and that there is such, is proved by the accurate researches of many naturalists. No such communication can take place among the coral animals, because each is fixed and rooted in its cell, of which it forms a part. It may be considered, indeed, that the whole of the colony are parts of the structure which they inhabit, just as flowers are of a plant.

To take the inhabitant of the madreporé as an example of the animal itself, it may be considered as formed of three parts, the shell, the head, a centre, and the feet or hands. The latter are very numerous, and are divided, or split at the extremities, while they surround the body of the animal in the form of a circle. Each of these feet or hands embraces a lamella of the star of the madreporé, so that they serve both for the construction of the cell, and for fixing the animal in it. The pedicle, or single part of the hand, appears to be a muscular body, and is fixed in a cylindrical tube, which is properly the body of the animal. Within this is a stellated body, which is supposed to be the head, quick in its motions; while the rays seem to be the tentacula by which it feeds itself.

Nearly all the islands that lie on the south of the equator, between New Holland and the western coast of America, derive either the whole, or a great part of their structure, from these animals. The whole of that sea, and, indeed, of some others, abounds in coral rocks

and reefs, which are in a state of daily and rapid increase, and which are probably destined, at some future day, to elevate themselves to the level of the water; to become the seats of vegetation, in process of time the habitations of man; and ultimately, perhaps, to produce scarcely less than a continent in this extensive ocean.

Among other places, these reefs abound particularly between New Holland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea; and they are well known to exist in great abundance in the seas of the Indian Archipelago, as at Chagos, Juan de Nova, Cosmoledo, Assumption, Cocos, Amirante, and the Laccadive and Maldive islands. They are also numerous on the east side of the Gulf of Florida, and it is well known that they form a daily increasing impediment to the navigation of the Red Sea.

The extent of these reefs and islands is an object of great curiosity and surprise, when we consider the apparent feebleness of the means by which they are produced, and the minuteness of the agents. An instance or two of this will suffice for our present purpose. One of the Tonga islands, the Tongataboo of Cook, is an irregular oval of twenty leagues in circumference, while its elevation above the level of the water reaches to ten feet. The soundings from which the thickness of this bed of rock might be estimated have not been given, but they are known to be deep in all this sea, and may safely be taken at not less than a hundred fathoms, so that the whole forms what may be considered an enormous stratum of organic limestone. But the largest which appears to have been ascertained, is the great reef on the east coast of New Holland, which extends unbroken for a length of three hundred and fifty miles; forming, together with others that are more or less separated from it and from each other, a nearly continuous line of one thousand miles or more in length, with a breadth varying from twenty to fifty miles. Before such a mountain of limestone as this, even the Apennine shrinks in comparison; and that such a mass should have been produced by such insignificant means, is a just subject of admiration to philosophical minds, and of wonder to those which have not considered the indefinite powers of units in endless addition.

NATURAL HISTORY: THE STORK—AN EXTRACT.

THE white stork is of gentle manners, easily tamed, and manifests a sense of cleanliness, secreting its ordure in some sequestered corner. Although it has a pensive and even melancholy air, it occasionally indulges in gaiety and pastime, associating even with children, and partaking of their amusements. "I saw in a garden," says Dr. Hermann, "in which the children were playing at hide-and-seek, a tame stork join in the party, run its turn when touched, and distinguish the child who was to pursue the rest so well, as along with the others to be on its guard." Among the engaging attributes of these birds have been justly reckoned gratitude, conjugal fidelity, and filial and parental affection. They seem, in fact, to be very sensible of kind treatment, saluting, with a noisy flapping of their wings, the houses whose inmates had given them a friendly reception during the preceding season, and repeating the same ceremony on taking leave. With wonderful constancy, the same pair return to the same haunts, and join in mutual and fond caresses after their long voyage. The tender affection which the stork manifests towards her young has been proverbial, even from remote antiquity. She feeds them for a very considerable period, nor quits them till they are strong enough to defend themselves, and to provide for their own subsistence. When they begin to flutter about the nest, she bears them on her wings and protects them from danger; and she has been known rather to perish along with them than abandon them to their fate, an affecting instance of which was exhibited in the town of Delf, in 1636, when a fire broke out in a house that had a stork's nest on it, containing young ones that were then unable to fly. The old stork, returning with some meat for them, and seeing the danger to which they were exposed, the fire having almost reached the nest, made several attempts to save them, but finding all in vain, she at last spread her wings over them, and, in that endearing attitude, expired with them in the flames. Young storks, on the contrary, have often been observed to lavish the most

affectionate and assiduous cares on their aged and infirm parents; and the ancient Greeks, observant of this striking instinct, enacted a law, to compel children to support the authors of their existence, and the guardians of their infant years.

The stork is capable of sustaining a lofty flight, and of performing long journeys, even in tempestuous weather. When on the wing, it pushes its head straight forward, with the feet extending backward. It returns to Alsace about the end of February, to Switzerland in the course of March, and to Germany early in May; but it rarely visits England. If a pair, on their return, find their former nest deranged or demolished, they repair it with sticks, rushes, and other plants that grow in moist situations. It is usually placed on high roofs, the battlements of towers, and sometimes on the tops of tall trees, on the brink of streams, or on the projection of a precipitous rock. In France, it was formerly customary to lay wheels on the roofs of houses, to induce them to build on them, a practice which still subsists in some places. In Holland, boxes are placed on the roofs of houses for the same purpose. The hatch consists of two, three, or four eggs, of a yellowish sordid white, longer than those of the goose, but not so thick. The male sits on them when the female is abroad for food. The young make their appearance in the course of a month, when the parents diligently search and carry to them the requisite aliment, which they disgorge from their gullet or stomach. Both of them never leave their charge at once, but, whilst one is foraging, the other keeps watch, standing on one leg, and its eyes fixed on its offspring. The young are, at first, covered with a brown down, and drag themselves, in the nest, on their knees, their legs being too weak to support them. As their wings grow and acquire strength, the mother aids and trains them in their attempts to fly. At Bagdad, hundreds of the nests are to be seen about the houses, walls, and trees; and among the ruins of Persepolis, every pillar has its nest. The stork rests and sleeps on one leg, with its head bent backwards on its shoulders, in which attitude it frequently fixes its eye on the reptile which it singles

out for prey. Previous to migration, it makes a singular snapping noise with its bill, turning its head backwards, with the upper part of the bill placed on the rump, and the under set into the quickest motion, and made to act on the other. These birds remove southwards about the end of August; but, previously to their departure, multitudes of them assemble in the plains once a day, and make the noise with their bills which we have just described, moving and bustling among one another, as if consulting on their plans. At an appointed time, and when the wind is northerly, they suddenly ascend in a body, and are quickly out of sight in the higher regions of the air. This movement is seldom remarked, because it sometimes takes place in the night time, and always in perfect silence. Defect of food, rather than of heat, probably urges them to change their abodes; for tame individuals seem not to suffer from the severest winters. In Egypt they have a second brood; but many of them remain there throughout the year. In Japan they are likewise stationary. They proceed northward as far as Sweden, Russia, and Siberia; and they are met with throughout Asia; but they avoid desert and parched tracts of land. Their migratory squadrons are very extensive; for Shaw, the traveller, saw three flights of them leaving Egypt, and passing over Mount Carmel, each half a mile in breadth; and he says they were three hours in passing over. We should likewise remark, that, though easily domesticated, storks never breed in confinement, and that this circumstance needs the less to be regretted, since their flesh is far from savoury.

EDUCATION.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. HUMPHREY'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

It is education that pours light into the understanding, lays up its golden treasures in the memory, softens the asperities of the temper, checks the waywardness of passion and appetite, and trains to habits of industry,

temperance, and benevolence. It is this which qualifies men for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the practice of medicine, and the bench of justice. It is to education, to its domestic agents, its schools and colleges, its universities and literary societies, that the world is indebted for the thousand comforts and elegancies of civilized life, for almost every useful art, discovery, and invention.

Education, moreover, is power—physical, intellectual, and moral power. To be convinced of this, we need only compare our own great republic—with the myriads of pagan or savage men, in any part of the world. How astonishing the difference, in every important respect! For what can the ignorant hordes of central Africa or Asia do, either in arts or in arms?—What to make themselves happy at home, or respected abroad? And what, on the other hand, cannot civilized America accomplish?

In a word, education, regarding man as a rational, accountable, and immortal being, elevates, expands, and enriches his mind; cultivates the best affections of his heart; pours a thousand sweet and gladdening streams around the dwellings of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich, and while it greatly multiplies and enhances the enjoyment, of time, helps to train up the soul for the bliss of eternity. ***

As the body passes slowly through infancy and childhood, so does the mind. Feeble at first, it “grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength” of the corporeal system. Destitute alike of knowledge at their birth, the children of one family, or generation, have, in this respect, no advantage over those of another. All, the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, have every thing to learn. No one was ever born a Newton or an Edwards. It is patient, vigorous, and long continued application that makes the great mind. All must begin with the simplest elements of knowledge, and advance from step to step in nearly the same manner. Thus native talent in a child may be compared to the small capital with which a young merchant begins in trade. It is not his fortune, but only

the means of making it. Or it may be likened to a quarry of fine marble, or to a mine of the precious metals. The former never starts up spontaneously into Cyprian Venuses—nor does the latter, of its own accord, assume the shape and value of a shining currency. Much time and labour and skill are requisite, to fashion the graceful statue, and to refine and stamp the yellow treasure. ***

Let every youth, therefore, early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to *make himself*; or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel, that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science, difficulties which he cannot surmount impede his progress, let him be helped over them; but never let him think of being led, when he has power to walk without help nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace, when he can melt it down in his own. To excuse our young men from painful mental labour, in a course of liberal education, would be about as wise, as to invent easier cradle springs for the conveyance of our children to school, or softer cushions for them to sit on at home, in order to promote their growth and give them vigorous constitutions.

THE MAGNITUDE OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The following interesting thoughts are extracted from an able and eloquent sermon by the Rev. Francis Wayland jun. A. M. Pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city.

OUR object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to

the Pacific ; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant vallies of the West echo with the song of the reaper ; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Our labours are not to cease, until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and the nations of Europe and America, having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia ! Bramins and sooders and casts and shasters will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning, while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hears me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent, the oil of peace and consolation.

[For the Monitor.]

EXERCISES OF A BIBLE CLASS.

Matthew 2.

1. WHAT facts are referred to in the first verse ? The birth of Jesus, and the coming of the wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

2. In what country and town was Jesus born ? In the country of Judea, and in the town of Bethlehem.

3. How far was Bethlehem from Jerusalem, and which way ? About six or eight miles to the south.

4. What distinguished person was born there, about a thousand years before Jesus ? David, king of Israel, and type of the Messiah.

5. In the reign of what king was Jesus born? In the reign of Herod the Great.

6. For whom did the wise men inquire? For him who was born King of the Jews.

7. What reason did they give for their inquiry? That they had seen his star in the East, and had come to worship him.

8. What feelings were manifested by Herod when he heard this? Feelings of envy and malice.

9. To what class of men do such feelings belong? To wicked men.

10. What did Herod do? He sent for the chief priests and scribes, and inquired of them where, according to the prophecies, the Messiah was to be born.

11. Where did they tell him that he was to be born? In Bethlehem, according to the prophecy of Micah, in the fifth chapter and second verse.

12. How long before the birth of Christ was this prophecy spoken? About 700 years.

13. What did Herod then do? He called the wise men, and inquired of them at what time the star appeared.

14. Why did he wish to know that? He supposed that it would show him at what time Christ was born, and how old he then was.

15. Why did he wish to know that? In order to kill him.

16. What directions did he give to the wise men? To go, and find where the child was, and bring him word.

17. What reason did he give for wishing to know where he was? That he might go and worship him also.

18. What was the true reason? The one stated before; that he might kill him.

19. Of what, in this, was Herod guilty? Of deception and murder.

20. Is a man ever guilty of the sin of murder, when he does not actually kill another person? Yes, he is always guilty of the sin of murder, when he *intends* to

commit it. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

21. What are we taught by this? That the characters of men are, as their hearts are.

22. What miracle is recorded in the 9th verse? The moving of the star which the wise men saw, till it stood over the place where the young child was.

23. What feelings did this create in the wise men; and why did it create them? Feelings of great joy; because it showed them where the child was.

24. What did the wise men do when they saw him? They worshipped him, and presented unto him gold and precious gums.

25. What miracle, and what fact are recorded in the 12th verse? The warning of the wise men, by God, that they should not return to Herod; their departure to their own country another way.

26. What may we conclude concerning these wise men? That they were instructed by God, concerning Jesus Christ; and taught something of his character and kingdom.

27. What miracle is recorded in the 13th verse? The appearance of the angel of the Lord to Joseph in a dream.

28. What directions did he give him? To take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt.

29. What reason did he give for this? That Herod would seek the young child, to destroy him.

30. Why was this done? That the sayings of God by the prophet Hosea might be fulfilled, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

31. What affecting scene is recorded in the 16th verse? The slaying, by Herod, of all the children of Bethlehem under two years old.

32. Why did he slay only those who were under two years of age? Because from the account which the wise men gave him of the appearance of the star, he supposed that Christ was under that age.

33. What declaration was then fulfilled, or illustrated? That which was spoken by Jeremiah, the prophet. Jer. xxxi. 15.

34. What miracle is recorded in the 19th verse? The appearance of the angel to Joseph in a dream.

35. What direction did the angel give him? To return into the land of Israel.

36. What reason did he give for this? That they were dead who sought the young child's life.

37. What fact is recorded in the 21st verse? The departure of Joseph from Egypt for the land of Canaan.

38. Into what part of the land did he go, and into what town? Into Galilee, and to the town of Nazareth.

39. Why did he not go to Bethlehem? Because Archelaus, the son of Herod, reigned over that part of the land, and he was afraid of him, lest he should seek the young child to destroy him.

40. What prophecies were fulfilled by his going to Nazareth? Those which foretold that Christ should be called a Nazarene.

41. What is the meaning of Nazarene? A person despised and rejected.

42. What prophecy in particular was then fulfilled? That in Isa. liii. 3. "He is despised and rejected of men."

43. Why did Nazarene signify a despised person? Because Nazareth was a place which the Jews greatly despised, and out of which they thought could come no good thing John i. 46.

From the facts recorded in this chapter, what do we learn?

1. That earthly grandeur, and external distinctions, are of no value in the sight of God. (Illustrated by the fact, that the Son of God appeared in *poverty*, and dwelt at Nazareth.)

2. We learn that a person may possess the highest excellence of character, and yet be despised among men.

3. That excellence in the sight of God consists in humility, benevolence, and active devotion to the will of God.

4. That men prize many things highly, which in the sight of God are of no value.

5. To be excellent in the sight of God, we must esteem those things as valuable, which he does; and make it our great object to possess them.

6. If we do not possess these, we have no moral excellence.

Inquiry.

Have you these, humility, benevolence, and active devotion to the will of God?

Note. Here the instructor may proceed to point out the *distinguishing evidences* of these traits of character. And upon all the answers he can enlarge;—the truths contained in them he can illustrate, and apply to the hearts of his pupils. And if the Holy Spirit bless his labours, they will not be in vain in the Lord.

BIBLE CLASSES.

WE are happy to learn that new associations for improvement in scripture knowledge are forming both in the country and in the city. One has recently been formed in Hopkinton, N. H. under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hatch, which uses the Reference Testament. Another has been formed in New Braintree under the care of the Rev. Mr. Fiske, which uses the Text Book. Still more recently, one has been organized in this city, called the United Bible Class of the Old South Congregation, which will recite and receive lectures from the Bible Class Text Book. This class is in addition to those classes which previously existed in that congregation, and evinces the Pastor's desire that no means of benefiting his youth should be left unemployed. In all these cases, a very gratifying success has attended the pastor's efforts to engage the attention of their young people.

SELECT ANECDOTES.

THE PLAGIARIST CONFOUNDED.

A reverend doctor in the metropolis was, what is usually denominated, a *popular preacher*. His reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. Those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore; and, accordingly, with

such hearers, he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did nevertheless happen, that the doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the belles of his quarter of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman muttered loud enough to be heard by those near, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "*That's his own.*"

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A Welsh parson, preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were teapots, and some that they were town-clocks; and one that he was extremely ill, and

another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut. and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do, this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do?" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant; "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C—m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town's people, who, having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B—," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B—," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"O villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B—," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "O you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit am I? Well, I have come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

[For the Monitor.]

William Pitt Atwater, the subject of the following lines, was a member of the Junior Class in Middlebury College, and supported in part by the Education Society. He died at Castleton, Vermont, of the consumption on the 10th of August, 1823.

BY THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND.

'Tis night, and the Zephyrs blow softly and mild;
The rudeness of nature is stamped on the ground;
Creation is lonely and silent and wild,
And darkness and gloom spread their mantles around.

In fancy I stand by the grave of a friend,
 And sigh on reviewing the scenes that are past;
 We fondly imagined our joys ne'er would end—
 The pleasures we tasted forever would last.
 Ah fleeting delusion! the years rolled along—
 They scarcely began, ere in silence they fled;
 They seemed like a story—a vapour—a song,
 But bore my companion and friend to the dead.
 Ah William! how short were the days of thy youth!
 But happiness mark'd thy descent to the grave,
 And the tear-drop of sorrow shall witness the truth,
 Thy friend ever lov'd whom his love could not save.
 Why, why did not death stay his arrows a while,
 Till I could bend o'er thee, and close thy dim eyes?
 Till thy friend could receive from thy visage a smile,
 And see thee in raptures depart for the skies?
 He's gone—and I trust to a haven of rest,
 Where they who are righteous will ever repair,
 'Midst thrones of Archangels and seats of the blest
 He shouts loud his songs to Immanuel there.
 Hail spirit, released from thy prison of clay!
 Thou friend of my childhood and joy of my youth!
 Though thy mansion be fixed in the regions of day,
 And thy anthems arise to the fountain of truth,
 Look down—and when darkness encircles me round,
 And the gloom of uncertainty broods o'er my soul,
 Let a view of thy splendor my scruples confound,
 And the high swelling billows of passion control.
 Peace, peace to thy soul! while memory remains,
 I'll never forget how intense was thy zeal;
 For Afric you wept when you saw her in chains,
 For India—the land of Idolatry—died.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S:—L. L***:—P. N:—L.—W:—M:—and T. P. J:—
 are received. We have also received a communication,
 which with just severity exposes the guilt and the evils
 of plagiarism. We intend the writer shall be allowed,
 in our next number, to speak for himself. We likewise
 hope that in future our correspondents will either
 save us the trouble of striking out their Americanisms
 of *lengthy* and *lengthily*, or the mortification of having
 inadvertently inserted them.